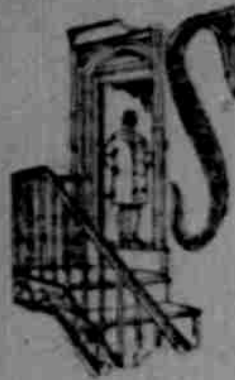


EACH OF THEM QUIET

The President and Postmaster General in 1873.

HOW THEY GOT IN TOGETHER

A Former Student in Their Office Describes Their Professional Life. They Worked Hard.



ONE man paid a most agreeable compliment to the whole world when he said of us all: "We are history." The statement is so flattering that we may be pardoned for wanting to hold it to be worthy of acceptance; and yet to March 4, 1893, and to the days immediately following March 4, some one's agreeable compliment, some one's acceptable statement, does not seem to apply with its customary force. The pages of history which are devoted to these passing days seem to be filled with one name and with the current incidents in one great career. It seems that in these passing days each American is less apt to say: "We are history," and that all Americans are more willing to say: "He is history."

Perhaps it is not a bad idea to turn back and in the earlier pages of the continuous public history to look for the same familiar names. At any rate I was so employed when the leaves fell apart at a period about fourteen years ago that was concerned with other careers of less happy presage. The familiar name was not there at all in the public history, but the man himself stood out the more distinctly—not a printed record of him, but a portrait; or, rather, as though a curtain had been drawn aside to afford a glimpse of the quiet lawyer and his environment. By one thought, picture, and then it's the first door on the left.

The flight of steps is on the outside of a building, the building is in Main street, Buffalo, and we, for the purposes of this brief visit, have come back to the year 1879.

It is bitter weather in Buffalo at this season—this winter of 1879. Mind the ice on the steps and hold on to the railing. It's quite a journey, even to descend them, and reach much out of doors, isn't it? But this is the only way, if you want to get up to their law office—the office of Bissell, Cleveland & Bissell.

Very much out of doors until we reach the landing. We have only to turn a knob, which is immediately at hand (the left hand), in order to find ourselves not less emphatically but much more comfortably within doors. We are in a large room, a notably light and spacious room, where half-bound volumes in orderly rows confront each other from opposing walls. Not the greatest number of law books that we have ever seen in a private library—not that by any means; but, rest assured, that here are conflicts of authority upon every possible legal point, and that one may secure from these volumes the answer you or the answer no, according to taste, in reply to almost any question one may have occasion to ask. So, then, the library may be fairly regarded as sufficient. It is so regarded by the two students, who, with increasing persistently, read page after page wherever there is not a pleading to be copied or a summons to be served. This statement, so far as it relates to one of those students, may be received with the greater confidence inasmuch as it is made by the only person who is in a position to know.

The office is not of the bustling and commercial sort. It is distinctly serious and strictly professional. One has an appreciation of order, of long and unbroken hours, of scrupulously careful work in its quiet atmosphere. There seems to be plenty of room and plenty of time here. Ah, well, that's partly because the senior partner is away. Poor Mr. Bissell (Hon. Lyman K. Bissell) is in Colorado for the sake of his health.



CLEVELAND AT HIS DESK IN 1879.

and he will never be able to live in Buffalo. The further end, nearest to Main street, you notice is cut off by a partition wall, and there are the two desks—thinking shops, private offices, call them what you will—the essential thing to notice is that two big, quiet, unassuming men sit there ("planted" as the French say), keeping office hours that often measure the whole extent of the day. Probably they arrive before the students this morning; no doubt Mr. Bissell will, as usual, economize time by talking for business a sandwich at his desk, while the students (as usual) are spending an hour in some restaurant; and when the students take their departure this morning perhaps both chairs may remain "planted." How their chairs may grow, being so sedately planted!

Mr. Bissell when he graduated from Yale carried away with him from New Haven, enough, esteem and good will to make a single garment even for his dignified figure. He was covered with honors—with the respect that sterling qualities had won—and (a rare and perhaps more valuable distinction) the popularity that had come as the unthought reward of a truly amiable nature. It is a tradition at the college that the heartiest men in Bissell's class, for all his bourgeois, said not a word of him in his body, said "Big Bissell" or "Bissell's face," with the commendatory expression, in fact an agreeable—

and almost as agreeable boyish—in the year of grace 1879 as it was in 1882.

But this comment is a most commonplace—in Buffalo, at least. Every one knows that much about Mr. Bissell, and I am not to repeat what every one has said—discreet commonplace. Here is something new; here is an incident that characterizes the man.

He has called one of the two students into his private office and is giving him instructions in regard to the preparation of letters for the mail. "You should so fold the sheet," he says, very persuasively and very considerably, "and you should so place the sheet in the envelope that the recipient on opening the envelope in the usual way will have his letter, not upside down or with its back turned, but right side up and facing him."

Could a postmaster general be more scrupulous? If Mr. Bissell ever becomes postmaster general that law student will no doubt recall the incident and say it was prophetic.

Mr. Grover Cleveland is a lawyer's lawyer, so to speak, most thoroughly appreciated by the members of his own profession and with a strong following, especially among the younger men. You may hear them say that they'd rather try a case before him as referee than before any other member of the Buffalo bar, and every lawyer knows



MR. BISSELL GIVES AN OBJECT LESSON IN FOLDING LETTERS.

how much that saying means. But again, it would be a mere commonplace—in Buffalo, at least—to assert that Mr. Cleveland has these admirable qualities which attract young men and lend weight to his opinions. Here is something not only more important, but infinitely more important.

You will notice that he is a very quiet man. His voice is seldom heard in the office, and he is apt to go and come without a word. Yet somehow this quiet man quietly makes his personality felt in a most unusual degree, and when he does speak there is a quality in his voice that stirs and attracts. This sort of thing, this attractive force of a strong personality, would be a tremendous advantage in public life if at any time he should happen to become politically prominent. These three things that one can't help noticing in the man—the reputation for good judgment, the sympathy for generous enthusiasm that makes friends in the younger set and the personal magnetism—these three things in combination would equip him for a very great career, but he seems to be quite content in this office at the top of a flight of ice-covered steps.

The curtain's down again to my great regret, but I can't help it. I was hoping that H. W. Box or Porter Norton, from their office on the other side of the hall, or John George Milburn, or Amos Wilcox or S. S. Rogers, or, in fact, anyone who used to come in, would come into the old office again once more and so make the man of the future talk.

And yet, after all, the interruption is characteristic, for it is rarely a characteristic of men who really lead that you want from them and of them more and more, and more than you can get at any one time.

He saved His Life.

"Years ago I saved that man's life," said a well-known business man in speaking of a certain bank official. "It's been fifteen years ago, I suppose," continued he, "when one day this fellow came to me in a frantic state of mind and told me a startling tale. He was tattered in the bank then, the same position he now holds. 'Jim,' he said, 'I've got to have \$5,000 to-day or I'm ruined for life. I am short just that much in my accounts and they are going to check me up to-morrow.' I was astonished, of course, but he had been a true friend to me and I got him the money and saved him from exposure for four years. He gave me a portion of his salary every month until the money was paid with interest. His honesty has never been questioned, and as the years have gone by he has grown in the esteem of his superior officers at the bank. I think when I helped him fifteen years ago that I saved him from dishonor and disgrace. It was as good a day's work as I ever did."—Louisville Commercial.

Smart Conjuring.

A corporal and two privates, having in their custody a deserter, were rising themselves at a country tavern not long ago. The deserter amused his guardians with several entertaining sleight-of-hand tricks, but, being encumbered with handcuffs, complained that he could not display his skill to advantage, and requested to have his hands at liberty, whilst he exhibited a trick which he described. This being agreed to, he proceeded to tie the hands of the three soldiers and his own together with a handkerchief, and he was to loose the four with one motion simultaneously. The magic knots were tied, but they all remained firm except the one which held the deserter. This came asunder with a touch, when he lifted up the cash and darted through the window, leaving his keepers raging at each other like ill-coupled bounds.—Yankee Herald.

The Oldest Law Suit.

The oldest lawsuit on record was on trial at St. Petersburg, Russia, during the spring and summer of 1888. It was begun five hundred years ago by the heirs of a dead nobleman against the city of Kamensk, Poland, for the recovery of a large tract of land which the municipality had incorporated within the city limits. It is needless to add that the matter was again continued for further consideration.

Strange Superstitions.

Among the strange superstitions that affect the southern negroes is the belief that it is dangerous to approach closely to a dead man's body. A colored servant in Washington, who went to a funeral, was asked on her return if she saw the corpse. She replied: "Dead, honey, if you please I'd go near enough to take that dead man's breath."

N. & M. FRIEDMAN

MARCH SALE

MARCH SALE

MARCH SALE

COMMENCING

MONDAY MORNING

AND CONTINUING ALL WEEK.

A Great General Offering Of Bargains Throughout the Entire House!

Our New York buyer, ever on the alert to secure the cream of productions in Dry Goods has, through his indefatigable efforts, succeeded in placing on our counters a monster collection of goods, bought at extremely low prices, which enables us to offer to all the inhabitants of Grand Rapids and surrounding country an opportunity to purchase seasonable goods cheaper than ever for less money. We propose to give you the benefit of these timely purchases.

THIS WEEK We shall leave nothing undone to please you and at the **BIG MONEY SAVING PRICES** which will prevail, we will anticipate the **GREATEST MARCH SALE ON RECORD.** The following, selected at random from some of the departments, will give you an indication of what you may expect.

WOOL DRESS FABRICS.

40 inch All wool Egyptian Plaids and Stripes, 39c a yard, value 60c.
40 in. All wool Gretchen Checks, Stripes, Plaids and Mixtures, special patterns 50c a yard, equal to any 75c qualities.
46 inch Surah Twills, Italian Cords and Imperial Cloths 98c a yard; the average value is \$1.25.
Magnificent collection of high grade Novelty Dress Patterns, exclusive designs at March bargain prices extraordinary.

HOSIERY.

Ladies' fast black, seamless Hose, 12½c a pr, worth 20c.
Ladies' extra stainless, black, white feet, 29c a pair, value 40c.
Gents' super extra Half Hose at 12½c and 15c a pair, why pay 25c elsewhere?

WASH FABRICS.

200 pieces Decca Cloths 10c a yard, worth 12½c.
2,600 yards India silk finish Pongee 12½c a yard.
5,000 yards Outing Cloths 8½c, worth 12½c.
460 pieces fine Dress Gingham 12½c, worth 16c.
3,000 yards Dress Gingham at 8c a yard, worth 12½c.

DRAPERIES.

Chenille Portieres, heavy fringed, beautiful colors at \$3.95 a pair, worth \$5.00.
Chenille Portieres at \$4.95, \$5.95 and \$6.50, handsomely bordered, dade and heavily fringed; the prices for such qualities will astonish the shrewdest buyers.
Lace Curtains at all prices—a price instance, very special values at \$1.69 a pair, worth \$3.00.
We show special patterns not obtainable elsewhere.

SPECIAL OFFERINGS IN OUR NEW SPRING GLOVE DEPARTMENT—Kid Gloves in all the new ideas, shadings and lengths and styles, for street and evening wear.

Prices quoted are only a few specimens from the new Spring stock. You'll find hundreds of other bargains just as tempting at bargain counters in every department.

Do not delay; these prices are for this week only, commencing Monday morning, 8 a. m.

SPRING CLOAKS.

STYLISH SPRING CLOAKS.
STYLISH SPRING JACKETS.
STYLISH SPRING WRAPS.
The correct thing.
Ladies' Jackets ranging in price \$3.50 to \$10.00, worth from \$5.00 to \$15.00.
Children's Jackets and Reefers—
For \$1.98, regular value \$3.00.
For \$2.25, regular value \$3.50.
For \$2.50, regular value \$3.75.
Remarkable values at \$3, \$3.95 up to \$6.00.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Children's Gingham Dresses, nicely trimmed and stylish cut at 25c, 29c, 59c, 79c, 98c.
Great values for the qualities—no where else so.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

200 doz. Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, colored, 3c each.
300 doz. white lawn, wide and narrow hemstitched at 4½c each.
100 doz. fine shear, embroidered Handkerchiefs at 9c each, good value at 15c.
100 pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs at 15c, equal to any 25c quality.

LINENS.

Handsome Table Damask, new patterns, at 35c, 37½c, 39c and 49c a yard, decided values at these prices.
Damask Towels, Huck Towels, fringed and extra size at 10c, 12½c, 15c, 18c and 22c, regular prices bring 33½ per cent more.
Bed Spreads, regular size at 69c, 79c, 89c and 98c, worth up to \$1.50.
Bed Sheets, ready to use, wide hem, extra quality muslin at 59c, 69c and 79c.

N. & M. FRIEDMAN, 70 and 72 Monroe Street.